

The People of This Nation Are Watchful of Their Liberties: They Are Also Blessed With An Abundance of "Horse Sense"

WE HAVE just had a striking demonstration of the watchfulness with which the people of the United States guard their liberties, in principle and in practical application.

Joseph W. Folk, defeated democratic candidate for the senate in Missouri, is quoted as laying his defeat to the appeal of Mr. Wilson to Missouri voters in Folk's behalf. However questionable may be Folk's criticism of his benefactor and backer, the truth of what he has said is now obvious to everyone. What happened in Missouri happened pretty much everywhere else in the country, including New Mexico. The people resented Mr. Wilson's effort to dictate whom the people should send to congress as their representatives, and they expressed that resentment at the polls. The issue was established immediately as between complete liberty of choice in representation and a representation influenced if not dictated.

Moreover the democratic leaders in nearly every state, blindly following their great leader, undertook to back up his appeal by an effort to "put one over" on the people. They sought to leave the impression that the continuance of the war would be indefinite and that patriotism was demanding the continued resting of absolute power in the hands of Mr. Wilson. They made the monumental error of overlooking the keen common sense of our people; that "horse sense" which is the power of analysis of every public question, which gets right down to the essentials and which has enabled the people of the United States to take the right course in nearly every crisis; and to avoid innumerable pitfalls of unpractical governmental theory and experiment.

The people were able to see that the war was nearing its end. They were able to understand the foolishness of the effort to convince an united people that the victory of one or the other of our political parties would bring joy to Berlin or any other enemy. Knowing thoroughly the machinery of our government they understood that the congress then being elected would not take office for a year, and that within that time the war would be won, that peace would be restored and that we would be fairly into the problems of after-war adjustment. They detected instantly the false note in the cry of patriotism that covered plain partisanship.

The people of the United States, who had cheerfully and unitedly entrusted absolute power in the hands of the commander-in-chief, of the nation at war, were equally united in their unwillingness to continue a single extra-constitutional power in any department of the government, after the conclusion of the war emergency.

That was the issue; really the only one. The people saw straight through all the camouflage. They were not fooled for an instant and they decided unerringly for immediate return to the spirit and the letter of the constitutional rights and principles.

In reaching their decision the people have voted a heavy responsibility upon the republican party, as represented by the republican congress. The republican party has been aggressive, constructive, backing its judgment with force and courage and it has solved wisely many of the great problems of this nation. But it is going now into wholly new problems, some of them as grave as any that have gone before. There will be innumerable opportunities and constant temptations to yield to radical governing and industrial policies, the out-

lines of some of which we have already seen. There will be the ever-present invitation to try out socialist theories, home-grown and imported. There will be repeated efforts to tamper with and take apart the business structure of the nation, for rebuilding upon strange models. It will require all the clear thinking and solid judgment and courage at the command of the new congress to hold a steady course.

But in its struggles with problems new and old the new congress will have behind it at all times that same sound, common sense of the American people; that "horse sense," at once broad-gauge and intensely practical, that is able to make instant, direct application of every theory of policy to every day conditions. It is a "horse sense" that always demands to know: "How will it work?" and it is the constant safeguard of this nation.

Ours is, fortunately, an understanding of what constitutes real liberty. We are not afraid to entrust our liberty in the hands of our chosen representative when occasion demands, because we always retain the power to recall power. That understanding and the "horse sense" of the American people will bring this nation safely through the coming troubled times of readjustment.

Pinch the Whiskey Peddlers

A MAN was arrested in this city yesterday for drunkenness; the second such arrest within the forty days since New Mexico abolished legalized booze.

That of itself is significant fact. We were accustomed to two to ten such arrests daily while legalized liquor selling was conducted. Aside from the moral advancement recorded, we are saving something like \$250 per month in the cost of jail up-keep and prison feeding; a considerable item in a city with financial problems ahead of it. We have dispensed with some police salary expense that is no longer necessary. We have not been able to trace a dime's worth of business depression to the departure of the legalized whiskey trade. We are so much better off morally and industrially and financially that everyone is agreed about it. There is no difference of opinion.

This unfortunate arrested yesterday, one of the two, said he had obtained whiskey in Old Albuquerque. He told the chief of police, in effect, that whiskey could be obtained in a number of places in this county, outside the Albuquerque police jurisdiction.

An arrest was made in Old Albuquerque, after the attention of the sheriff's office had been called to this man's statement. That particular arrest is not under discussion here.

The point is that if the law is enforced in Albuquerque and is not enforced within the county, outside of the one mile radius of police jurisdiction, we would just as well call off the law and let down the bars, because the booze obtained outside the one-mile area will be carried into the city, in flasks or in the stomachs of those who obtain it and we will have substituted an illegal for a legalized menace to the peace and welfare of the community.

For the love of Mike, if we are going to have prohibition let's make it the real thing. If there is whiskey peddling in this county it is time right now to begin pinching the peddlers and putting them through.

AUTUMN LEAVES

BY JOHN BRECK

I HAVE been many books written about the craftsmanship of Oriental rug weaving, their dyes and above all the individuality which is the most highly prized characteristic any rug can possess. And yet who has thought of the infinitude of patterns and dyes we find in these warm little rugs woven by the gnomes for the winter cover of the wild things—the autumn leaves.

They begin their work way back in September. They try their Tyman on a still green dogwood where it is too far up the tree to set in little tracery through the stichings of the vines. Their saffron and orange they try out where some branch of soft maple has lost its full current of sap and believe the autumn already here. Perhaps the branch is girdled by an insect, or twisted by the rage of a September storm—something must dry it a bit or it will not take the dye.

By this time the woodbine is ready. It takes the color wonderfully; they can get the full effect. They dip it in the saffron intended for the soft maple. A few days later you will find they have repainted some of it in

the darker crimson intended for the oak. Now, too, they lay out the bleachers on the less culminate herbs, so as not to destroy the material which must hold its own through the melting rains and ravaging frosts. You will find whole beds of nettle raded to transparent wreaths of their summer selves, and mossy wavy, some rippled in rose, some left to yellow in the sun. Judging by their effects I imagine the bleach must be a sort of concentrated essence of moonlight.

Their yellow is done in the autumn's gold round at the foot of a balsam.

They have always a fresh supply, very fine and pure after each rain. I have also seen it settle down without the aid of their bushes in a golden morning mist.

Gold mist is used mainly for oak leaves. It washes out the green from their pores after the frost has dissolved it, leaving them a rich chocolate brown foundation for future work.

Once in a while you find a swamp oak that resists this treatment and dries out a splendid olive green. The gnomes leave it white like Blacky. As for Blacky himself, his bright was so great that it was all he could do to keep his wings

down during the stranger toward Blacky and until all the little people saw that what Redtail had said was true, bigger and bigger, bigger and bigger grew the stranger until he became still as silent as my mother ever dreamt of. Poor Blacky, screaming at the top of his harsh voice, seemed to be standing still, as fast did the stranger fly.

Down started the stranger toward Blacky and then all the little people saw that what Redtail had said was true. Bigger and bigger, bigger and bigger grew the stranger until he became still as silent as my mother ever dreamt of. Poor Blacky, screaming at the top of his harsh voice, seemed to be standing still, as fast did the stranger fly.

Under above, in front of Blacky,

wheeled the terrible giant and drove Blacky where he pleased.

The humongous oak to a road which made all the little watchers shiver and shake. What would the stranger do to Blacky? Why didn't he take Blacky? As for Blacky himself, his bright was so great that it was all he could do to keep his wings

washed off their glossy leaf faces ex-

pecting the bite of the cold north wind.

PURITANLY endorsements of the Ford car do not have the same psychological reaction as endorsements of the Ford candidate.

THE GENTLE ART of bootlegging will never be perfected until a way is found to extract the tail out of the whale.

"SINKEESE" as a cable name for fake news should be amended to read "suppose."

WHEN IT comes to turning up majorities the case of Lieutenant Governor H. F. Penick will be instantly decided.

THE PICTURE of Prince Henry of Prussia changing across country under protection of a red flag will doubtless serve to cheer Wilhelm during these gloomy hours.

WHEN WE SEAT ourselves a mind the Thanksgiving board this year and reverently lift our flat mugs to partake of turkey at fifty cents per pound we will recall with a full sense of gratitude that we wouldn't have bought the turkey.

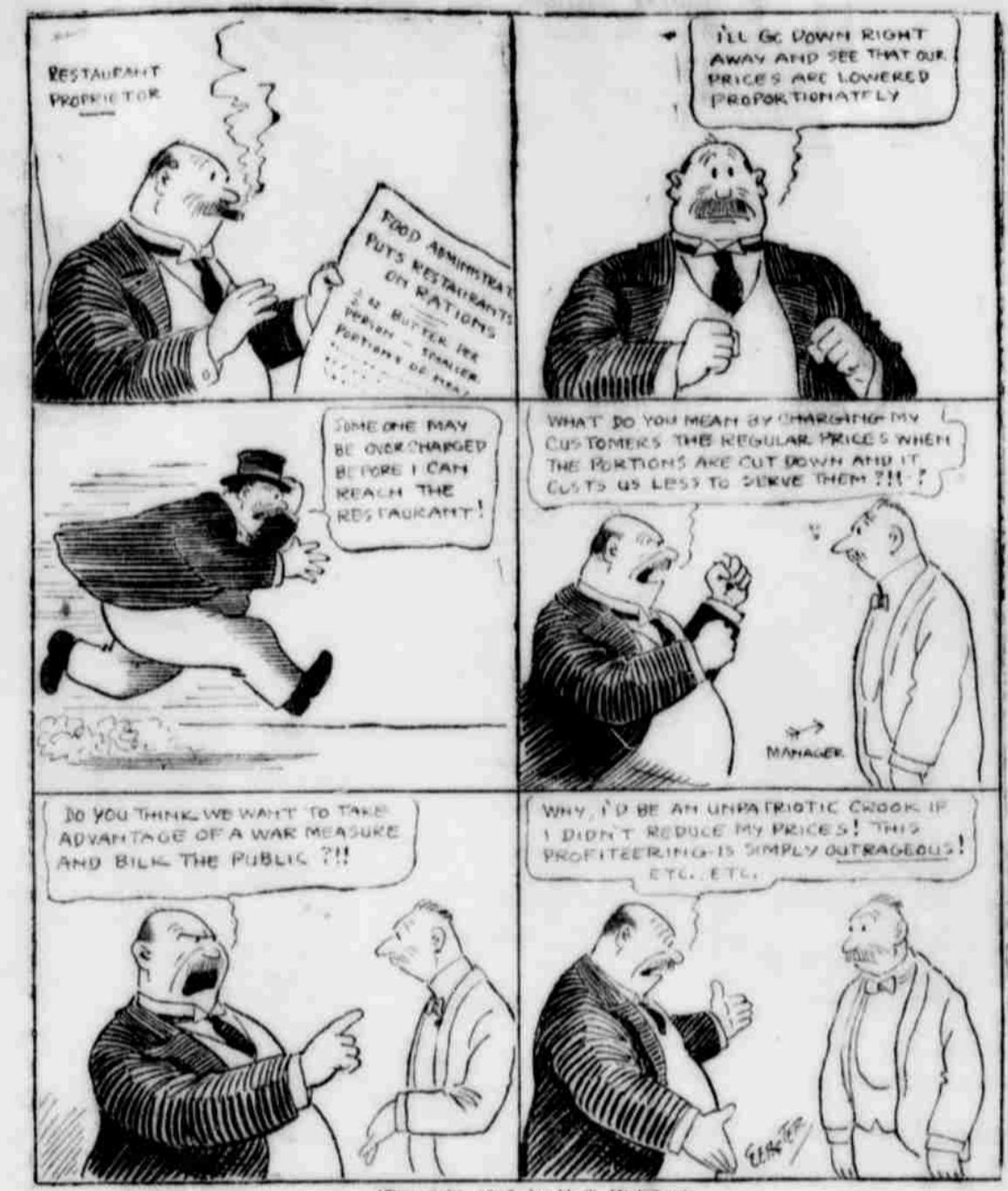
The influenza Bony says has got its compensations. It's saved his mother many days of fireman's recitations.

"Now, dear," said a mother to her small four-year-old daughter, "you have elated long enough. Hold your tongue, close your eyes, and go to sleep."

"Why mamma?" queried the little miss in surprise, "how can I do those things at once?"

Love is supposed to be a tender passion but sometimes the old father makes it a rough proposition.

Would You Believe This If You Saw It? Neither Would We. —By Webster.



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INTUITION IN DREAMS

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE
Author of "The Riddle of Personality," "Psychology and Parenthood," Etc.

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BY THORNTON W. BURGESS.
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Blacky the Crow's Terrible Experience.

moving. Do what he would he could not reach the green Forest. He had to go as this terrible giant drove him, and in his heart there was no hope left.

And then so suddenly as he had started at Blacky this terrible giant left him. Up, up, up he went to the green Forest and down to the green Buzzard. Smaller he grew and smaller until he was no more than a speck. As for Blacky, prettily weary, too frightened even to talk he hid in the thickest clump of hemlock trees of which he knew.

One night I had a dream in which I saw an acquaintance whom I had no reason to distrust, behaving in a way that reflected no credit on him. The dream was so vivid that it made me seriously doubt this person's real character.

"Not long afterward my doubt was fully justified when the acquaintance in question was arrested and convicted on a criminal charge.

It seems to this have been reported not infrequently. Instances may be found in the writings of Na-

thaniel Hawthorne, Havelock Ellis, Frederick Greenwood, and other authors.

The instinctive tendency is to regard them with awe, as dreams of supernatural revelation. But in reality there is no need to resort to the supernatural to explain them.

Like the almost equally impressive dreams of war problems are solved or the whereto of lowly ambitions made known, they illustrate the power of the mind during sleep to piece together significant fragments of information subconsciously acquired in the waking hours.

Every day of our lives we see and hear things which we are unconscious of seeing or hearing, because we pay no attention to them. They nevertheless find their way to our minds by the avenues of the senses, and are registered in memory.

Without knowing it, we may over-hear, for example, a bit of gossip about an acquaintance. Or the acquaintance may himself say or do something in our presence that would have ready shelter import in revealing his true character if we stopped to think about his words or acts.

But our mind is preoccupied with other things. Through inattention we ignore the evidence of our senses.

That evidence is in our possession just the same. And while we sleep it may emerge into our consciousness. As Havelock Ellis picturesquely puts it in his "World of Dreams":

"Well, I just acted like I was the whole American army and I lined the birds up and took all their field glasses and stuff away from them and then started them on back home. I didn't have trouble at all except with one sergeant and he was always acting like he was going to start something so I had to drop him out."

"Drop him out—what do you mean by that?" some officer said.

"Well, just don't bring him back. Just sort of leave him out there—you know, kind of let him have it."

Then Sandy whistled, and everybody whistled back.

PRIVATE DANNY IN FRANCE

BY FRAZIER HUNT

CHAPTER 190.

PRIVATE DANNY Splits is going to act a crow dev. Gee, or a D. C. M. something like that. And he sure does it too because any bird that can pull what Sandy did ought to be put on a pension and covered with medals.

We advanced again early this morning and along about 9 o'clock when the prisoners began to trickle back, the best thing we know is here comes a big batch of them straggling along and apparently they didn't become stragglers until they got to the guard posts at all. But way back in the rear trudging along by himself came Sandy.

Across his shoulders was strong seven German automatic pistols and pairs of officers' field glasses, and in his right hand was a big chunk of black German war bread that he had taken away from somebody and was eating now. And across his face was a big smile.

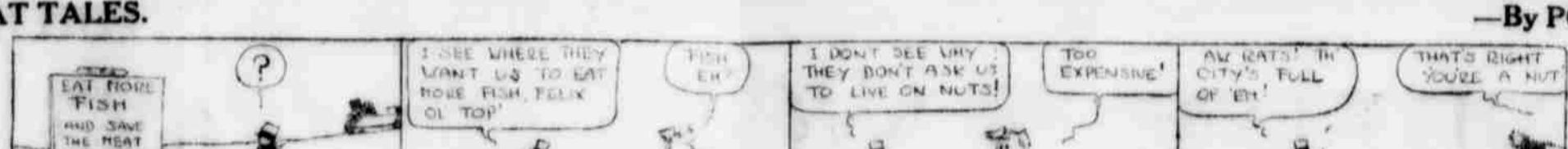
"Twenty-seven of 'em," he answered when somebody asked him how many he had.

"Twenty-seven of 'em," he said.

"Well, just don't bring him back. Just sort of leave him out there—you know, kind of let him have it."

Then Sandy whistled, and everybody whistled back.

—By POP.



—By LEO.



OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Little five-year-old Bette accidentally discovered her pulse one day. Running to her mother she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I've got the coughing in my wrist."

Bobby's father was cleaning fish roe dinner when the little fellow asked:

"Papa, have fish any sense?"

"Bright Boy—Yes, David played cards."

Sunday School Teacher—"Is there any mention of gambling in the Bible?"

Bright Boy—"Yes, David played cards."

Sunday School Teacher—"How do you know?"

Bright Boy—"Why doesn't the Bible say that he took four kings from the Philistines?"

The life of a stock agent is full of wormwood and gall, but the wormwood is scarcely perceptible.

An omnious form of literature is the gas bill.